

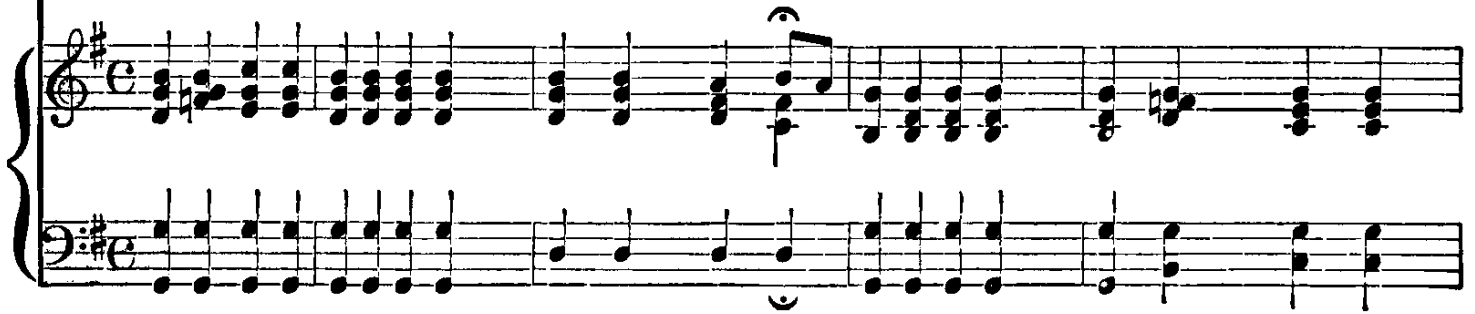
Break, Break, Break

ALFRED TENNYSON

WM. R. DEMPSTER



1. Break, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, O Sea! And I would that my tongue could
 2. Break, break, break, At the foot of thy crags, O Sea! But the ten - der grace of a



ut - ter . . The tho'ts that a-rise in me. O well for the fish-erman's boy, That he
 day that is dead Will nev-er come back to me. And the state-ly ships go on To their



shouts with his sis - ter at play! O well for the sail - or lad, That he
 ha - ven un - der the hill; But, O for the touch of a vanished hand, And the



sings in his boat on the bay! Break, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
 sound of a voice that is still! Break, break, break, At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!

Oft in the Stilly Night

THOMAS MOORE

Andantino

1. Oft in the still-y night, Ere slum-ber's chain has bound me,
 2. When I re-mem-ber all The friends, so link'd to- geth- er,
 D.C.—Thus, in the still-y night, Ere slum-ber's chain has bound me,

Fond mem- 'ry brings the light Of oth- er days a- round me.
 I've seen a- round me fall, Like leaves in win- try weath- er,
 Sad mem- 'ry brings the light Of oth- er days a- round me.

The smiles, the tears Of boy-hood's years, The words of love then spo- ken. The
 I feel like one Who treads a- lone Some ban- quet hall de- sert- ed, Whose

eyes that shone, Now dimm'd and gone, The cheer- ful hearts now bro- ken!
 lights are fled, Whose gar- lands dead, And all but he de- part- ed.